His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales Volunteers March. 1 P. Bripperts Op. 20 .





E. Weipperts Op. 20.

### THE YOUNG WANDERER.

The Words by G. M. Neill Esq.

Compos'd by E. Weippert.



E Weipperts Op: 20



Ah Parents dear! yet still shall I.

Thy forms in heav'n behold

This heart shall quickly cease to sigh

This bosom soon be cold

Then sad, she cried, base World farewell

And bow'd her beauteous head

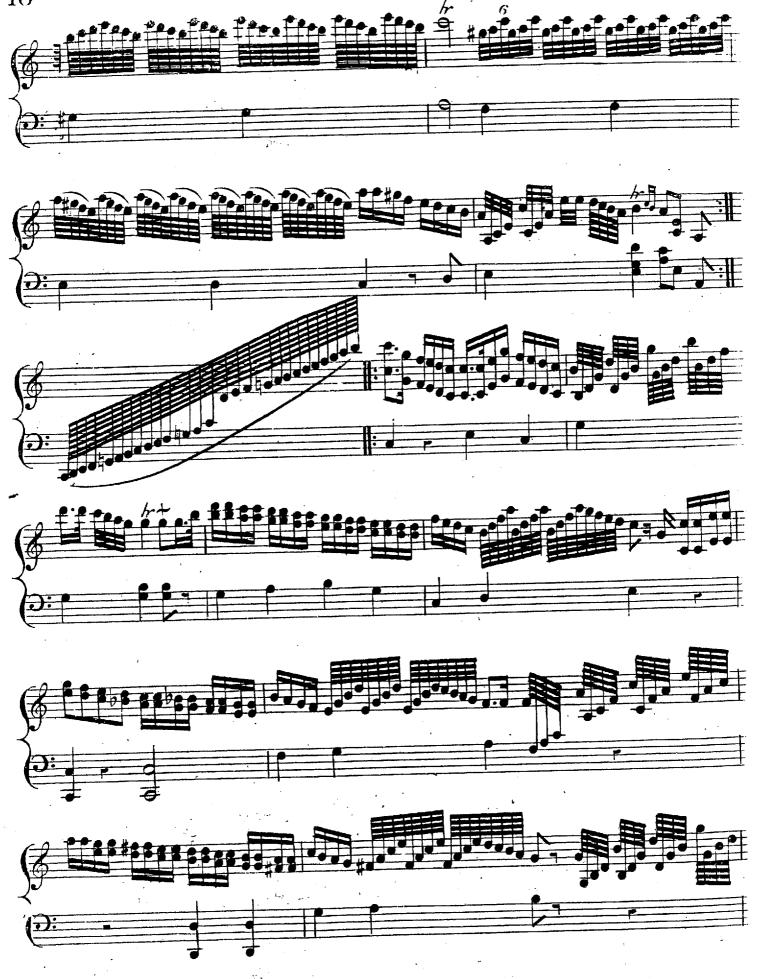
And gently as it drooping fell

Her Joyfull spirit fled.

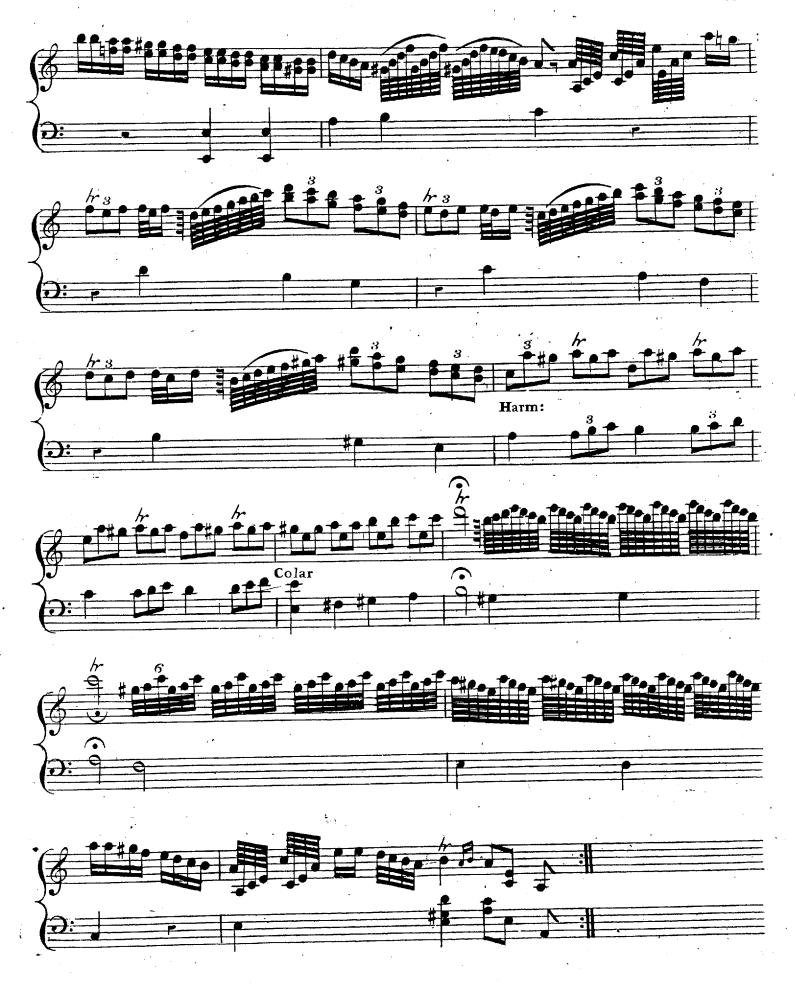




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# LOGAN WATER

The Words by John Mayne Esq. Author of the

Poem of Glasgow



E.Weipperts Op: 20



Nae mair at LOGAN Kirk will he, Atween the preachings, meet wi' me — Meet wi'me, or, when it's mirk, Convoy me hame from LOGAN Kirk! I weil may sing, that days are gane! Frae Kirk and Fair I come alane, While my dear Lad maun face his faes, Far, far frae me and LOGAN BRAES. At een, when hope amaist is gane,
I danner dowie and forlane,
Or sit beneath the hawthorn tree,
Where aft he kept his tryste wi'me!
O' could I see that days again!
My lover skaithless and my ain!
Belov'd by friends, rever'd by faes,
We'd live in bliss on LOGAN BRAES!









E. Weipperts Op: 20

## THE CHARMING ANNA

The Words by G. M. Neill Esqr.

By Weippert.





Then charming Anna Lay the cares, Of this ungrateful world aside, Let us unite our hopes and fears. And in each others hearts reside, Then kindly sooth my weary'd mind, With thy sweet Harp's delightful strain, Their I to ev'ry ill resign'd, Shall know no grief and feel no pain.





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### WALTZER



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### CONTENT.

The Words by M. Weippert.

Compos'd by E. Weippert.





With the Sun they shake off sleep.

On Husbandry their minds intent



And lay him down at night CONTENT.

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Then at Noon the Cheerful meeting
Which love and innocence invent
Wives and Children return'd from weeding
Does bless the sight of sweet CONTENT.

When their daily work is o'er

A mug is at the Alehouse spent

Chatting round the Landlords door

Each look and speech breathes out CONTENT.





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## OUR COUNTRY, or, A GRAVE O'T.

A PATRIOTIC SONG.

The Words by John Mayne, Esq. 7-

Author of the Poem of "Glasgow".





And for the Fiend-like sons o' strife, wha'd stain the soil that gave us life, By a' that's dear to man and wife,

An inch they'll never have o't!
We'll fight like men, wha dare be free;
We'll make them fa', or gar them flee;
And, when we've drown'd them i'the sea,

We'll whistle o'er the lave o't!

For his Country, when she calls,

Blest is he wha nobly falls!

Loud FAME records him in her halls,

And GLORY tells the brave ot!

Sound, sound your pipes, your chaunters blaw;

To arms, to arms! huzza, huzza!

Our KING, our Liberty, and Law,

Our Country, or a grave o't.

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